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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1908.

Cheaper Gas—Not Yet, but Soon.

Washington is paying too high a rate for gas. This fact has been patent for years. Nearly a decade ago the House of Representatives went on record overwhelmingly in favor of a reduction. It ordered the District Committee to report a bill providing for a gradual lowering of the price, which, if it had been passed, would long since have given the city 75-cent gas. But the District Committee disregarded the House's will.

Yesterday the House again went on record for cheaper gas—overwhelmingly. The District will, of course, be thankful for whoop-la gas legislation, if no other is obtainable. We should feel better, however, if the 75-cent gas amendment were sure of running the gantlet of the Senate, and of passing the ordeal of conference, where so much happens that would not bear the light of day.

The opposition of various members of the House District Committee to this amendment indicates that it is far from a finality. It is too early, therefore, to conclude that 75-cent gas is at hand, even on the terms of the Wilson amendment, which simply reduces the price of gas consumed by the District government. As indicating the sentiment of the House on the general proposition, the adoption of the amendment is significant, and in that aspect yesterday's action may be considered a hopeful sign. We have no doubt the House is ready to do its part if the District Committee will give it opportunity.

A comprehensive gas bill is promised later by the House committee. We presume it will deal with the question of the gas company's capitalization, and other features of the company's relations with the public that should be the subject of regulation, as well as with the price of gas. The committee has an excellent chance to settle the gas question on an equitable basis, affording relief to the consumers and protection to the public from stock-watering operations, and it may be hoped that the forthcoming bill will deal affirmatively and effectively with all the matters in controversy. It will not require an elaborate or complicated measure to accomplish all that is desired, nor should such a measure be contemplated. The ends to be aimed at are simple, and should be simply provided for.

With respect to the Wilson amendment, it may be said that it does no injustice to the gas company, for that company has long enjoyed a most favorable contract with the District, charging a heavy public consumer the same price as smaller private consumers. Even the corporation-ridden city of New York gets its gas for 90 cents, or 10 cents less than private consumers pay, and there is no reason why the District government should not have the benefit of cheaper gas.

But that is not all that the people of this community want. They want cheaper gas all around, and we shall look to the District Committee of the House to report a bill reducing the price of gas or providing means for its reduction. Chairman Smith has fallen far short of the community's expectation, as to this and other District needs. He knows all about the gas situation—has known all about it for years—and if he had shown even moderate activity the amendment passed yesterday would not have been necessary.

Let us hope that he will now get busy and make up for lost time, and that Chairman Gallinger, of the Senate District Committee, after all these years, will also be a little less reluctant than heretofore to take up the gas question.

"There is one man in Congress who is so careful to avoid the appearance of evil that he will not accept even an apology," says the Detroit News. We suppose, however, there is no doubt of his willingness to accept a renomination.

A Tax on the Soldier.

The Senate has rendered deserved justice to enlisted men of the army by incorporating in the army appropriation bill as an amendment, which will doubtless be adopted by the House, a clause which has the effect of repealing those sections of the Revised Statutes which require the deduction of 12½ cents per month from the pay of every soldier of the regular army for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia. An effort has been made in other years to remove this tax upon the soldier, who, in all conscience, is sufficiently ill-paid now. The vast majority of the soldiers who are thus called upon to help support the institution make no use of it and derive no benefit therefrom. If there is need of a soldiers' home, it ought to be fully supported by the government without withholding from the pittance of the soldier any fraction of his lean stipend that the reserve funds of the soldiers' home may be augmented. There has been something absurd in, along with the injustice of, this act on the part of an affluent government, and the remarkable thing about the whole proceeding is that it has survived so long without a protest which has been effective. The fact that soldiers have not resented by any remonstrance, and that they have not, as some one has suggested, missed the money, furnishes no tangible excuse for the taxation. The Soldiers' Home in the District of Columbia is an institution which ought to be maintained for the benefit of those soldiers who may need its shelter and provision, but it ought to be supported entirely by the government, and not in any measure, however small, by deductions from the pay of the soldier.

A Kentucky minister upholds the "night riders" because they are engaged in destroying "a harmful, noxious, and wicked weed." Don't condemn him too hastily; that same argument is being used, in disguised and modified form, perhaps, by a good many other "reformers" in this country.

We would feel a little better about these international marriages were we even convinced that some enterprising American lawyer would get the money in the long run.

A Scheme that Will Fail.

Bishop Fallows, of Chicago, who doubtless means well enough, no matter what criticism may be lodged against his suggestion, avers with deep solemnity that it would be perfectly easy for any human being who so desired to live to the age of 120 years, provided only a steady diet of sour milk were maintained three times daily.

Without entering into the details of the good bishop's prescription, which have to do with microbes, germs, bacteria, and whatnot of that persuasion, we predict its failure as a revolutionary agent in the problem of human life, and we opine that nothing will come of it, save, perhaps, in so far as it may affect some occasional isolated case here and there—like the case of the bishop himself, for instance. No matter what the merits of sour milk as a life-prolonger, it is medicine not pleasant to take, and hence will be assimilated with no sort of enthusiasm or sustained regard for the necessary regularity of diet that alone assures the final desired effect. Patients take unpleasant remedies spasmodically, and not otherwise; any physician will bear that statement out. We begin as small children to demand that our pills be sugar-coated and our calomel saccharated. As we pass into youth, we give scant attention to medicine in any form; and as we begin to tread the sunset path, we want tonics and invigorators that taste good, and that we may smack our lips over.

It would be impossible to persuade any one to partake of sour milk, as a steady and methodical diet, no matter what the alluring hope held out. The average person who tried it would soon grow pessimistic; either the diet would pall, or the pleasures of long life would become matters of grave doubt. We fear the end promised would not be thought to justify the means assured. In fine, we don't believe it would ever be necessary to corner the sour milk market in order to keep the patients in this cause alive.

If any one has anything nice and pleasant, palatable and refreshing, that is guaranteed to sustain life to a point far beyond the allotted three-score and ten, we believe it would be seized upon with gusto and dispatch by thousands; nay, millions. But as long as sour milk is the only avenue to abnormal old age in sight, we believe the world will wag along in its usual way, the inhabitants living as they have always lived, and after the same fashion. Anyhow, we don't know but that the present scheme of things is about right. It might be a sad mistake to upset it, if we could.

Mr. Taft recently attended five luncheons and four dinners in a single day. We hardly believe the President himself could exceed that for true strenuosity.

Caravels of Columbus.

Two bills have been introduced in Congress in the past week, both seeking an appropriation for the repair and preservation of the reproductions of the caravels in which Columbus sailed on his voyage resulting in the discovery of America. These ships were presented to the United States by the government of Spain and are now slowly disintegrating in the waters of the lagoon in Jackson Park, Chicago, the site of the Columbian Exposition. It is eminently fitting that these reminders of the discovery of the Western Continent should be preserved, but it would be much more to the point if they should be brought to the Capital of the Nation to which they were presented. Located in the basin which forms one of the features of the great Potomac Park in course of construction, they would be a never failing source of interest to the thousands of visitors to Washington. Chicago evidently has not the funds or does not care to preserve these relics. Therefore, Congress should, by all means, make the proposed appropriation and at the same time provide for having the caravels brought to Washington.

The Populists have nominated Mr. Thomas E. Watson again for the Presidency; whether designedly or through force of habit, however, we cannot say with certainty.

The Employers' Liability Bill.

The performance of the House on Monday, when the employers' liability bill, one of the most important pieces of legislation of the present session, was rushed through by a vote of 302 to 1, after but forty minutes of perfunctory debate, may be viewed from several standpoints. Those who favor the bill are, of course, rejoiced over its passage, but to those who believe the House should be a deliberative assembly the method of its passage must be a source of regret. We do not think the Republican majority has enhanced its prestige by its dictatorial way of handling this bill. There was no question of its passage, and no reason whatever for choking off debate. As it is, many members have voted for the measure blindly, a number of them believing it to be unconstitutional, yet none of them were given opportunity for discussing, amending, or perfecting it. Mr. Payne, in his effort to gain glory for the majority, put himself in the ridiculous position of supporting a bill he felt to be unconstitutional, while arrogating to the Republican side the sole credit for a piece of legislation that, according to his own opinion, will probably turn out to be perfectly useless. The exhibition of Republican unanimity was, therefore, a bit of pure buncombe.

Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, described the situation correctly when he said, in response to the remark of another member, that it was impossible to enact perfect legislation, that this was not a necessary condition of legislation in Congress, but a present condition "brought about by the way we legislate." He did not think the House so cramped for time that it could not afford to properly consider important matters. He protested against the railroading of vital legislation, and said he would prefer the enactment of a few bills "that reform a real evil, fully, completely, and constitutionally, than that we should try to humbug the public and the voters by passing through half-baked, undigested legislation." The employers' liability bill might have been brought in two months ago and intelligently debated, but the Republican majority waited until forced to do something by external and internal pressure, and then put it through the House in a spectacular way, impressive to the unthinking, but more characteristic of a representative body gone to seed than of a popular assemblage really responsive to intelligent public opinion.

We have no fault to find with the principles on which the employers' liability bill is based. They stand for the humaner sentiment of the day, as well as the increasing responsibility of the employer, in an age characterized by the use of complex and dangerous machinery, for the safety of the men who run the machines and take the risks of hazardous employment. The bill modifies or abolishes some ancient rules of the common law, notably those relating to contributory negligence, and thus, as Mr. Littlefield said, constitutes a "very pronounced innovation on existing law."

Mr. John Sharp Williams compares Mr. Roosevelt to George III, while a more ardent admirer compares him to George Washington. Parties desiring to be conservative will admit that he "greatly resembles George," and let it go at that!

"If The Washington Herald will take our word for it, we have made a team of fine losers out of the Washington ball players," says the Houston Post. Well, that bunch cannot say that we didn't warn them against even a temporary sojourn in that town, anyhow.

It will be observed that no new jokes have come from Mark Twain since one of the New York dailies printed his picture and labeled it "Prince Helie de Sagan."

Fashion decrees that trousers must not be worn "turned up next summer." We presume, however, winter overcoats may be "hung up" until fall, as usual.

Now that the peach crop has survived the slaughter season unscratched, the growers should out with it, and let us know what's the matter! Surely, the crop is crippled, or something.

Those English newspapers that are criticising King Edward for not being in England when the premier resigned are utterly unreasonable. The possibility that an officeholder may resign is perhaps the remotest contingency known to speculation.

We suppose Castro will be good now! The New York World is agitating a naval expedition against him, to be put in command of Admiral Rixey.

Chancellor Day says: "The rich do not live long." If the chancellor were a squad instead of one man, the rich would have no desire to live long.

The German Emperor has asked for a raise in salary, but he hasn't ordered himself out on a strike until he gets it.

The New Orleans World is loud in praise of sassafras tea. No doubt sassafras tea is considered a great beverage in New Orleans—where no one ever thinks of drinking anything of the kind!

Those "Merry Widow" hats are all right and good to look upon, when they are all going in the same direction. One cannot help feeling uneasy, however, when two of them have to pass each other on the same side of the street.

We doubt the probability of an extra session of Congress this year, no matter what the shortcomings of this one; certainly not before the Presidential election is over and the baseball problem settled.

Mr. Otis Skinner says Mr. Lawrence Barrett was very fond of his own voice, and often stood for hours talking aloud to himself. It is somewhat strange that Mr. Barrett managed to keep out of Congress during his lifetime.

A Texas contemporary calls "Uncle Joe" a "noiseless Cannon." It ought to hear him making a noise like a Czar.

Spring seems inclined to stay put this time.

If Mrs. Howard Gould is given to imbibing foolish water to the extent charged by Mr. Howard, the past few years of her life must seem like one long-drawn-out circus parade.

"Every time Senator Davis opens his mouth, here of late, he puts his foot in it," says an Arkansas paper. This will give the average reader some idea of the ample dimensions of the Senatorial understanding.

"Boston boasts of a lobster three feet long," says the Baltimore Sun. Wait until he has grown a foot or so, and he will do his own boasting.

"Beef up again," according to the market reports. It has come to the point where there isn't anything more than a constructive recess between "ups" in the price of meat these days.

OUR COURSE IN MANCHURIA.

Recognition of Its Justice Expected from Other Powers.

From the New York Tribune.

The question which has come up for settlement in Manchuria and which ought now to be settled definitely, is really a simple one. It is whether Manchuria is or is not a part of the Chinese Empire. Or perhaps we might say it is whether solemn international agreements, such as that for the open door in China and the Treaty of Portsmouth, mean what they say. The United States has a habit, long ago acquired, and pretty consistently maintained, of thinking that they do mean what they say, of taking things literally and of holding in diplomacy as well as in mathematics that two and two make four. It assumes that when Russia and Japan formally pledged themselves to the recognition and upholding of the principles of the open door and territorial integrity for China they did so in earnest and in good faith. It would regret exceedingly to be compelled to think otherwise. It does not expect to be compelled to think otherwise, and therefore it expects that those countries will recognize the justice of its course in Manchuria, or else will show some convincing reasons, thus far unknown to the world at large, for the repudiation of the two conventions to which we have referred.

There will, of course, be no quarrel. Russia and Japan have already had enough trouble over Manchuria, they are both amicably disposed toward America, and they will doubtless give a satisfactory answer to the question which they themselves have caused to be raised. If the open door and territorial integrity agreement and the Treaty of Portsmouth are still valid and operative, those powers must recognize the propriety and the necessity of our consul's dealing with the Chinese government and no other. If they are not valid and operative, those powers will doubtless explain satisfactory when, how, and why they were modified.

Mr. Roosevelt and Gen. Harrison.

From the Springfield Republican.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, in the Outlook, quotes President Roosevelt interestingly respecting himself and the Secretary of War:

"He (Taft) can get along with some men that I can't get along with. We were together in Harrison's administration. I was Civil Service Commissioner; Taft was Solicitor General. I got on Harrison's nerves, and whenever I came into the room he set his fingers drumming on the desk before him as though it were a piano. But Taft had no difficulty. And yet he was always a man of highest ideals."

As President, Mr. Roosevelt has come to affect the country much as he says he did President Harrison, and it is quite possible that he is alive to the fact as he was in the case of Gen. Harrison.

At Space Rates.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

It's easy to understand the prices put upon women's hats this spring. They're selling 'em by the acre.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

DRIVEN TO IT.

The galley slave, his strength all gone,
falls on his oar in sleep.
His blade drops back upon its track and
drags across the deep.
Then Force, the stern taskmaster comes,
with roar alike a bull's;
Whereat the slave doth mercy crave, and
pulls, and pulls, and pulls.

The jokesmith man, his wit all gone, can-
not evolve one jest.
His tortured brain he racks in vain; he
fain would stop and rest.
But Life, the stern taskmaster comes, and
of starvation croaks.
The jester then springs up again, and
jokes, and jokes, and jokes.

A Difficult Choice.

"We'll have to cut the play somewhere," declared the manager.

"Well?" pouted the star.

"Which is it to be, less epigrams or fewer gowns?"

A Possible Reason.

"I see that ancient Alexandria was infested with tramps."

"Wonder why?"

"Well, the town had extensive library facilities, you know."

Tied Up.

"He says he has a million tied up."

"That's better than having it running around loose, barking at statesmen and snapping at candidates."

The Slim Fad.

He has no mammoth pile
Of legal tender.
His income is in style;
'Tis very slender.

Helpful Advice.

"I doubt if they will want me to run the woman's page again," declared the horse editor.

"Why not?"

"I recommended sweeping for all complexion troubles, and dishwashing for being crossed in love."

When Love Is Young.

"You haven't half smoked that cigar. A newly married man should not be so wasteful."

"I leave the butts long to please my wife. She likes to loop 'em with ribbons and hang 'em about the flat."

And Expensive.

"Surely she must have some favorite flower?"

"No, I don't thing so. Anything will please her; that is, anything that's out of season."

NOTHING SERIOUS.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Ins and Outs.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah! then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in."

An Exception.

"Oh, yes, Tommy," said the teacher, "if you have a dog you are the 'owner of a quadruped.'"

"No, I ain't," insisted Tommy.

"Don't contradict me! I explained to you yesterday that any animal with four legs was a—"

"Yes'm; but Rover lost one o' hisn't fightin' a trolley car."

Exempla Gratia.

"It is not enough," said the man who was fond of moralizing, "that a man should be prudent most of the time; he must be so all the time. The foolish action of a few minutes may spoil the prospects of a lifetime."

"That's so," put in Henpeck, "it only takes a few minutes to get married."

Then He Escaped.

"I have here," began the poet, "a half dozen more or less fragmentary poems which you might group under the head of 'Fugitive Verses' and—"

"Look here!" cried the editor, reaching for his club, "if you're not a very quick fugitive yourself they'll be posthumous."

A Knock.

"I haven't a single painting of mine left," said D'Auber. "I manage to sell them all—"

"That speaks well for your artistic taste," said Crittick.

"Yes, I think so."

"Yes; if you didn't have such good taste you might keep them to disfigure your own walls."

The Great Unwashed.

The anarchist respects no laws
Nor fears the hangman's rope;
Perhaps he courts death thus because
"While there is life there's soap."

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

An Eyewitness Tells the Story of Booth's Crime.

W. H. Taylor, in Leslie's Weekly.

About the middle of the third act a shot was heard and immediately thereupon rang out John Wilkes Booth's cry, "Sic semper tyrannis!" not after he reached the stage, as has been stated in some accounts; neither did he jump from the box full height, with arms outspread and upstretched, as we often see him in illustrations. On the contrary, he placed both hands upon the rail of the box and swung himself over in that manner, thereby lessening the fall by the distance of his own height. One of his spurs caught in the American colors with which the box was draped, and he probably landed his whole weight on one foot. On striking the stage he pitched forward on all fours, and I then saw the blade of a long stiletto or dagger glisten in the footlights, as his hand lay on the floor. He quickly rose to his feet and took one or two uncertain steps, then, turning to face the audience, drew himself up in theatrical attitude, and, swinging his arm in a half circle, made a grand flourish with the dagger, and was off the stage in a flash. Next came the piercing and horrifying shrieks of Mrs. Lincoln, and then arose a fearful commotion. Directly efforts were made by some parties to get into the box from the outside, but the door was barred from the inside. I next noticed a military officer standing on the shoulders of another man and endeavoring to climb up to the box from the stage.

Meantime, the President had remained sitting in his chair with his head bent forward, but I distinctly saw him rise once to his feet and in a dazed sort of way attempt to take a step or two. He was not upright, but half erect. Just then Maj. Rathbone came to his assistance, and, supported by the latter, he sank back into the chair. About this time I noticed Miss Laura Keene, who had reached box from the private way back of the stage, and who was said to have brought a glass of water which might refresh the President. The bar against the door having been removed from the inside, several people went into the box from the dress circle, and little more could be distinguished thereafter.

Domestic Approval.

From the Baltimore Sun.

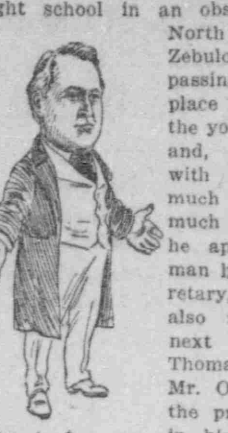
In addition to all his other honors, Admiral "Bob" Evans has won the admiration of his wife.

It's Her Own Funeral.

From the Chicago News.

Why not let Anna Gould go her way? She cannot plead youth and inexperience any longer.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.


SENATOR OVERMAN

Senator Lee Slater Overman, of North Carolina, was born in Salisbury. After graduating from Trinity College, he taught school in an obscure town in North Carolina. Gov. Zebulon B. Vance, passing through the place one day, met the young pedagogue and, after talking with him, became much interested, so much so in fact that he appointed Overman his private secretary, a post he also filled for the next governor, Thomas J. Jarvis. Mr. Overman began the practice of law in his native town in 1880, and secured in a short time a leading and remunerative business.

Gov. Vance saw in the young schoolteacher while associated with him in the State capitol the making of a politician. His judgment was correct, and Overman was elected for five successive terms to the State legislature. He was a candidate for speaker on two occasions, the first time being defeated by a combination of independents and Republicans. He served as president of the North Carolina Railroad Company in 1903.

He was the caucus nominee for Senator in 1895, but was defeated by Hon. J. C. Pritchard. In 1903 he went after it again and succeeded, following as he did in the footsteps of his first political instructor, Gov. Vance. Senator Overman has filled almost every important political office in the gift of the people of North Carolina. He is a member of eight committees in the United States Senate, three of them important ones—Judiciary, Military Affairs, and Claims. The Senator is now deeply interested in the charges of peonage that has been preferred against North Carolina. He denies most emphatically that such a state of affairs exist.

* * * *

There are many ways in which the new Senator learns when he gets past the Vice President's desk, and one of the most fruitful and unreserved sources of information is the Senate page.

The Senate page is an institution without a parallel. The dozen or so young Americans who enjoy the honor of running errands for the solons are bright, and by no means backward, and they are philanthropically ready at any moment to impart information to the new Senator.

The new member of the Florida delegation, Senator Milton, who was sworn in on Monday, took a lesson from one of the youthful Mercuries that day, accompanied with an actual demonstration of its effect.

Mr. Milton found his way about lunch time to an elevator, intending to refresh the inner man in the dining-room, down in the basement. When he reached the shaft a sprightly young American in a blue serge Norfolk jacket and a pair of bloomer trousers, stood there. The boy immediately started in to get acquainted. Delicately imparting the information that he knew the Senator was a "new one," the page proceeded to show him how to ring for an elevator.

"You see," he said, "three rings means that a Senator wants the lift, and that he don't want to have to wait long, either. No matter who or how many may be in the car, the elevator man starts for the Senator's floor, and takes him up or down, wherever he wants to go. Then he lets the other people off where they want to go. See—this way."

Three rings jingled through the corridor, and the elevator was there, with half a dozen passengers.

"We want to go down," said the page, with a familiar flourish of his head toward his protege. And in they stepped—Senator and page—and down they went.

* * * *

Senator Smith, of Maryland, is fond of the weed, and he loses no opportunity to enjoy a good cigar. But yesterday the few persons who were in the Senate galleries after the executive session were treated to the sight of the Senator from Maryland calmly smoking during a session of the Senate.

It was pure forgetfulness on the part of the Senator, who has not yet got used to the restrictions which hedge a Representative of a sovereign State on the floor of the "American House of Lords." Smoking is all right and proper during an executive session, when the vulgar mob cannot be a witness to the relaxation of the great—the said mob being excluded from the galleries during those star-chamber meetings.

Mr. Smith had lighted his cheroot in the executive session, and when the five bells were rung which open the doors again on an open session, he was so deeply interested in a conversation which he was having with Senator Clay, of Georgia, that the cigar was forgotten.

Sitting back comfortably in the chair in the last row on the Democratic side, he puffed with evident enjoyment at the roll of Indian delight, and the little blue rings rose and curled about his head as if they enjoyed the distinction which they were having.

Then suddenly the Senator remembered, and the cigar was hastily removed from his lips and permitted to die a slow death, hidden under his desk.

CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP.

House Leaders Plan for Doing Nothing on Eve of Failure.

From the Providence Journal.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Cannon and his friends are caught in their own trap. They have failed in their ingenious plan of smothering all legislation in committee and escaping the responsibility by pleading lack of time. They know that the measures they oppose, if once they are reported, will pass the House, because the larger part of the Republican members are in favor of them. Furthermore, with the time for seeking a re-election so close at hand, these members dare not go back to their constituents with nothing done. They are eager for a chance to vote for the administration measures. They may even have the courage, in this desperate extremity, to rebel against the autocrat of the House. It is estimated that some fifty of them have a dubious chance at best of succeeding themselves. The defeat of less than that number would make the next House Democratic—a danger that no less a person than the Vice President has openly admitted. No wonder there is anxiety among the members of the majority. Even if the Speaker should yield to the storm, much damage would already have been done. Whose conduct, in these circumstances, deserves the epithets hurled by Mr. Dalzell at the Democrats?

Our Tremendous Fire Losses.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In January this country put $16,000,000 into new buildings and $24,000,000 worth burned down. Americans seem indifferent about this leak, but it represents money enough to build a Panama canal every year, or to improve all the main rivers of the Mississippi Valley.

The Gift of Prophesy.

From the Boston Transcript.

"Prophesy as much as you like, but never set a date," says Mr. Carnegie; or, as Horace Biglow hath it: "My gran'ther's rule was safer'n 't is to crow; don't never prophesy unless ye know."

KENTUCKY NIGHT RIDERS.

Gov. Willson Corrects an Interview and Sets Himself Right.

Not long ago the New York Evening Post contained what purported to be an interview with Gov. Willson about the night riders in Kentucky. The attention of Gov. Willson was called to the interview, and also to an editorial in the New York Independent about the same interview. Thereupon Gov. Willson wrote a personal letter to the Independent repudiating the interview. The Independent telegraphed to the governor for his consent to publish the letter. He consented that it might be published. It is mighty good reading, and here it is:

"Some friend has just sent me your issue of the 19th of March with editorial on "Kentucky's Anarchists." I do not write this for publication, because I never make explanations or defenses of this kind, but I write you this personal letter for the information of your editor.

"The young gentleman who interviewed me for the Evening Post seemed to me to get further wrong than any disinterested and sensible young man that I ever talked to. I did not say that any man mixed up in the night-rider tobacco business was a Chrisitan or honest or a good citizen, nor did I ever use the expression 'almighty stubborn.' They are cowards and criminals and felons, and should be killed when making attacks and should be in the penitentiary when detected after attacks. I did not in any way condone or apologize or smooth over their infamous conduct. I have not done it in Kentucky where they are, and I certainly did not do it in New York, where I was a thousand miles from them. I did not say there is anything to be said for them; such a statement is grossly false and inexcusable. There is nothing can be said for them; but I am hopeful that the work which has been carried out without ceasing since the beginning of these troubles will develop presently that something is done for them, and that some of them will be done for. Nor did I indulge in the observation about feuds in the wild mountain countries. Nor did I say night riders are educated ordinary Americans, nor did I indulge in any silly talk about its being purely "a business trouble, like one of your competitions in New York." I cannot think of any more idiotic stuff than this that you have quoted, and I cannot conceive of a man, speaking as directly, as positively, and as seriously as I have done, being represented to a great host of readers, like those of your paper, in such an absurd and stupid attitude. It is utterly inexcusable in that reporter.

"I do not believe in palavering and smoothing over penitentiary crimes that destroy liberty. I believe in killing the criminals while in attacks, and in putting every one not killed in the penitentiary, if it took a thousand. This organization is most dangerous. It is a secret, oathbound organization, where only a small group know each other, and different groups do not know who are in the other one, and the head of the organization has the power of life and death over the members, and it has spread like wildfire. There are thousands of members of this concern, but there is no compromise with them. They will be brought to book. The matter will come out all right, not by neglect or toleration, but by mercilessly following up, attacking and destroying this organization."

THE FUTURE OF CUBA.

Col. Watterson Thinks We Should Have Annexed the Island.

Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

Now that the Cubans have their freedom, what have they done with it; what are they doing with it, and what are they likely to do?

I violate no confidence when I quote these words from that master of international policies and of good English, the Secretary of State: "We do not want Cuba ourselves; we cannot permit any other power to get possession of her, and, to prevent the necessity of one and the possibility of the other of those results, we wish her to govern herself decently and in order."

Before coming here I could not clearly apprehend the force and truth of this language. Nothing was easier after an interval of twenty-four hours. I have said in a jocular way to Mr. Root, when he was Secretary of War: "Some fine morning you Republicans will have to get up a Philadelphia election, and in that way amend the mistakes of the Teller resolution." I still think we had better have taken over Cuba along with Porto Rico and the Philippines, and in the beginning have made an end of the whole Spanish outfit. That would have saved infinite trouble. England, in our place, would not have hesitated. Sentiment is rarely a sagacious statesman, though statesmanship must often consider and consult sentiment. The sturdy old Senator from Colorado seems almost as big a crank about liberty as I am myself. Yet nothing is now clearer to my mind than that Cuba will not, or cannot, "govern herself decently and in order."

I have seen and talked with everybody worth seeing and talking with here to reach the conclusion that order will not very long outlast the exit of the Provisional Government.

It is hard to have to say it, but it appears true to say that there is no intelligent patriotism among the Cubans—that is, no fixed principle of nationality and enlightened sense of the responsibilities of government—each of the parties led by ambitious men having a personal following, the objective point being the spoils of possession. Graft is the conscious, or unconscious, asset of each of them. The population is divided into three classes—the taxpayers, who want stability and scarcely expect it short of annexation, or a protectorate; the politicians, who are out after all they see, or fancy they see, in sight, and the masses, made up largely of mongrels, who know not what they want.

Tariff Reform the Issue.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

The Democratic party should pitch its battle upon tariff reform. One great, strong, popular issue, appealing to every man, and woman, too, in the Democratic party and two-thirds of the men and their wives among the Republicans, well and truly presented by a Democratic candidate, is enough upon which to win a fight. The only Democratic President that the country has had since the war between the States was elected as a tariff reformer; the time has come when the Republicans bend toward tariff reform, when no man dares to be a "standpatter," and when everywhere industrial condition demands a tariff reform candidate.

Man vs. the Platform.

From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

In coming out boldly for Joseph Cannon and tariff revision, Illinois proves that she has thoroughly mastered the art of being in two places at once.

Good Job for Taft.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

One of the reasons why Castro continues to be a source of trouble may be found in the fact that Taft has never been sent down to settle him.

Motion Better Than Stagnation.

From the Charleston News and Courier.

A dilatory motion is better than no motion at all—and that has characterized the Republican majority in the House for three months.

Action and Reaction.

From the Indianapolis News.

Still, the bad effect of flat life on children may be somewhat offset by the bad effect of children on flat life.

AT THE HOTELS.

"Ohio [illegible], publisher of [illegible] the Ohio St[illegible] [illegible]io, at the New [illegible] there is absol[illegible]t his receiving the Rep[illegible]o at the election.

"The f[illegible]n which seems to have [illegible] the Taft and Foraker [illegible] to be losing its sharp e[illegible].

"Senat[illegible]ued Mr. Wolf, "is an [illegible] of the State, and eve[illegible]es his ability. If there [illegible]gainst him, he engende[illegible]rough his antagonis[illegible]d to Taft, his politica[illegible] and partly to his atti[illegible] national questions of [illegible].

Jame[illegible] Representative from N[illegible] president of the United [illegible]ife-saving Service, is [illegible]bbitt, being on his wa[illegible] to the South.

Discu[illegible]k situation with regard [illegible]al outlook, Mr. Howe [illegible]merican people would [illegible]r for one man's power [illegible]er words, that the pe[illegible] dictated to or told w[illegible]uccessor in the White [illegible]ent occupant.

"Hu[illegible] said Mr. Howe. "He i[illegible] classes. Democrats [illegible]ans indorse him, and h[illegible]ongest man outside o[illegible]ft is nominated, he su[illegible]ated. The wire-puller[illegible] manipulators are for T[illegible]—the voters—are for R[illegible]es. If Roosevelt conse[illegible]n, he would be elect[illegible] majority. But I don't [illegible]w his name to be used [illegible]ay, and we ought to b[illegible].

"W[illegible] register of Kings Cou[illegible] I would break up the [illegible] I did. The emolume[illegible]or one year were $108[illegible]ed into the public tre[illegible]n statue of George Wa[illegible]ooklyn Bridge was ere[illegible]gh my efforts with the [illegible] paid into the register [illegible].

"[illegible] Volunteer Life Saving [illegible]t 6,000 members in a[illegible]ters of New York. T[illegible]k appropriates $10,000 a[illegible]pport of this society, the [illegible]h are well organized, offic[illegible] and disciplined. We have [illegible]ts and regular crews and [illegible] saved 260 lives from drowning. We presented ninety medals to life savers and other heroes and we are about to present seventy more. The mayor of Hoboken has offered a medal for the champion life saver in the waters of New York and neighborhood.

"Another very useful feature of our service is that we teach swimming to the school children. We employ three women and two male swimming teachers whose sole business it is to teach the art of swimming to the school children.

"We are also organized in other States; in fact in almost every State, and our activity extends to all inland waters. We have regular stations along the inland lake shores with quarters for the paraphernalia and the crews."

A group of Congressmen who happened to be in Washington during a recess of the national legislature helped to while the time away by exchanging stories, and one of the statesmen from Pennsylvania told this one regarding a constituent:

"In the foregoing manner did Willis R. Rice, a lawyer of Philadelphia, begin the following humorous incident at the Cochran last night. 'This man, who lived in a small town of the Keystone State,' continued Mr. Rise, 'was appointed naval officer at the chief port in the State. He immediately packed up his belongings and established himself in the metropolis. At the end of four years the administration changed and he relinquished his office. When he returned to the village his first visit was to his aged mother. She greeted him affectionately and said: "My boy, you have had four years in a lucrative Federal office. Tell me, now that it is over, what have you saved."'

"He was nonplused for the moment. Not a penny of his salary remained. In an outburst of frankness, he turned to her and, leaning over her, said with hearty fervor:

"'Mother, I saved my life!'"

Dr. B. F. Abbott, of Ocean City, N. J., who is on his return trip from a tour through the South with his family, is registered at La Normandie.

Dr. Abbott said it was his impression that Taft would be nominated at the Republican convention, provided Roosevelt did not run.

"If Roosevelt were a candidate, there is no power under the sun that could prevent his re-election," continued Dr. Abbott. "He is the most popular down South. Everybody seems to believe, however, that Roosevelt does not want a re-election.

"Gov. Fort, of New Jersey, although being reported once upon a time a strong Knox supporter, is, I understand, a hearty Taft adherent now. Fort is a hale fellow, well met. He looks like a well-educated farmer, wears always a broad smile, jabs his hands down into his pockets, and wears a black slouch hat. He has lots of personal magnetism and political backbone. He is plain and outspoken, and he dares say more than any other man in New Jersey. In that respect, he resembles Roosevelt.

"I have been traveling through the South, and have seen some remarkable things. If it were not for the Northern capital and Northern brain and brawn down South, it would be a sad day for the South, indeed. The native of the South, particularly of Florida, is very indolent and careless. On the other hand, the settlers from other States, like Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, the Northern and the New England and Western States, have done more to build up the South that the native has done himself. Just for illustration, I will cite a case of which I have personal knowledge.

"There were three orange groves in a certain part of Florida. They were located alongside each other. The first was owned by a man from New Hampshire, the second by a Rhode Island man while the third one was owned by a native Floridian. When harvest time came around a commission house agent came to buy the crop as it stood on the trees. The two Northerners bargained to sell the crop on the trees, the company to do its own harvesting, and they realized $6,000 and $8,000 from their respective farms. The same proposition was made to the Southerner, but he refused. He said he was not in a hurry to sell; that there was lots of time in which he could harvest the crop himself and dispose of it himself. He took his own time and with the aid of the members of his family and friends, leisurely put the crop up and shipped it to commission merchants and middlemen. A slump had set in meantime in the orange market. The fruit was a drug on the market and could not be sold. It rotted on the dealers' hands. The crop had to be sold at a sacrifice and after deducting the commission merchant's charges and all other expenses, there was exactly 42 cents left, which was turned over to the orange farmer."

Quickly Came to Earth.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A man and woman were wedded on the top of the Washington Monument the other day. But it didn't take 'em long to get down to earth again.